



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The play has no ending; the moment after the final curtain perhaps—one does not know—completes a circle.

C. H. and M. G.

EMILIO DE MENEZES

Somewhat over a year ago the Brazilian Academy, and that small minority of Brazilians for whom the Academy exists, suffered, in the death of Emilio de Menezes, a loss which many of his compatriots find it hard to over-estimate. A native of Brazil, "he was one of the greatest poets of the Portuguese tongue," to quote a Brazilian critic; and, while the individual may make reservations to an unrelieved eulogy of the dead poet, it is certain that much of cultured Latin America reaffirms this opinion.

The difficulty which confronts the foreign commentator who would sum up his achievements is inherent in the inadequacy of all translation, but especially marked when the translator's subject is the work of an artist so fastidious in the use of his native tongue as was de Menezes. Like Raymundo de Correio, he showed strongly the reaction of his generation against the bombastic sentiment of the pioneer poets of Brazil, and this reaction evidenced itself in an aristocratic attitude toward his calling, expressed by the art-for-art's-sake slogan of Parnassianism. As Edna Worthley Underwood states in a recent letter to *POETRY*, de Menezes is often compared to Baudelaire, and I would add that the comparison particularly applies to the ease and apparent spontaneity with which he handles the unusual rhyme. In

Emilio de Menezes

further discussion of the technique of de Menezes, his alexandrines are considered of the most perfect in the Portuguese tongue. A parallel is also drawn between his first books, *Funeral March* and *Funereal Eyes*, and the work of J. M. Heredia, whose single volume opened the doors of the French Academy to its author.

The final volume of poems by de Menezes had the prophetic title *Last Rhymes*. Such delicate disparagement expresses something of the sentimental irony of the verses so indicated. Here is a book of middle age (de Menezes was fifty when he died) written with restraint but with a dauntless vanity which enjoys, rather mercilessly, the contemplation of the pathos of its own futility. The spirit is perfectly expressed in a little song, the words by de Menezes, the music by Alberto Nepomuceno, which ends,

Lilies from Earth's strong breast
Conquer the pomegranate's red:
Onward we go to death,
As to a bridal bed.

And the same quietly triumphant resignation, with that taint of insincerity which gives it its artificial grace, is echoed in the sonnet, *Afternoon by the Sea*, in which the poet recalls an exultant youth, and closes with the capitulating lines:

Say to this glittering eternity,
Beholding in the foam my own white hair,
The old, old sea grows old with me.

One of the sonnets, *The Dead Tower*, is dedicated to Coelho Netto, which suggests that one compare the rococo imagination of this most popular and characteristic Brazilian author with the deliberately subdued fancy of de Menezes.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Coelho Netto, it is true, had at that time come no nearer the poetic form than a volume of prose poems called *Rhapsodias*; but his fecund inventiveness, which nurtures metaphor as the tropical soil nurtures vegetation, tends toward the popular and vulgar ornate in a way, to emphasize the discrimination of his one-time contemporary. It is to be hoped that the spirit of de Menezes may in time be seen to have affected Brazilian art to a further extent than is now apparent. Here is a country far behind our own in popular enlightenment, and yet a country in which one prays for a genius who has never read a book, above all a genius without a classical education. One prays especially for a writer who will lay the fleshly ghosts of Cleopatra and Salome, for these departed heroines appear to Brazilian poets with as successful a determination to be written about as that astonishing head of King Charles which so annoyed Dickens' Mr. Dick. De Menezes had that sophisticated artistic simplicity which finds its practical counterpart in good breeding, and it may be said for him that in his last volume these traditional female symbols of inspiration receive no mention, and that Astarte and Phryne are banished with them. The very positive effect of the negative virtues can only be appreciated through a general perusal of Brazilian poetry.

It will interest Americans particularly to know that *Last Rhymes* includes the dead man's unsuccessful translation of Poe's *Raven*. Poe has been translated into Portuguese several times, but *The Raven* is the only one of Poe's works generally known and quoted in Brazil.

Emilio de Menezes

The career of the dead poet was also noteworthy as it embraced interests so little related to his art. Born in Curityba in the State of Paraná, he entered early into public life, where he reached his highest ascendant in the final phase of the government of Marechal Deodoro. His essays in the stock market met with as much success as his writing. Among other interesting incidents concerning him which his death recalled was his founding of the once popular but now extinct literary journal, *A Folha*.

Evelyn Scott

REVIEWS

THOMAS HARDY'S POETRY

An American View

Collected Poems, by Thomas Hardy. Macmillan Co.

The nineteenth century in England produced two groups of poets. The first, at its outset, was the brilliant romantic cluster of Coleridge, Keats, Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron. A little before them, somewhat outshadowed by the late-comers' magnificence, but yet revealing a polished glow of their own, was another group consisting of Landor, Crabbe, and the strange erratic star of Blake. Both of these groups came to an end in about 1830, and it was not till mid-century that another group of widely contrasted poets appeared—a group including Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Patmore, Swinburne, Rossetti, Morris and Meredith. Many